

A 6.
Farther Continuation
OF THE
HISTORY
OF THE
Crown - Inn.

PART. III.

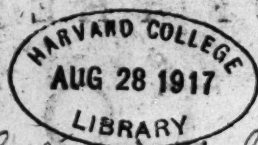
Containing the present State of the
INN, and other Particulars.



L O N D O N:

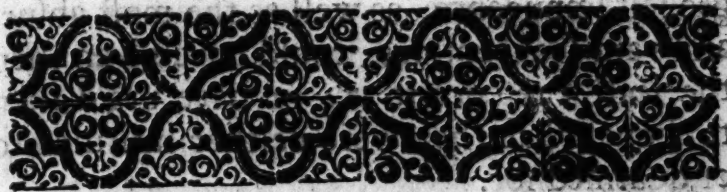
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A
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IN my last I told you what furious Pretensions were made to Mr. WRIGHT's Favour, by a Set of Fellows, who, you will conclude little deserve it; and if you consider that the greatest part of that Letter was writ before His coming to Town; you will likewise agree, that I spoke somewhat like a Prophet.

But indeed, what is easier than to foresee Things which have such natural and unavoidable

voidable Consequences ; for nothing but the grossest Impudence, as well as the most absurd and vain Conceptions, could have given them the least Pretence to it ; or have urg'd them to hope what they were neither intitled to, or qualified for.

They were very officious in their Attendance on Mr. WRIGHT when he arrived near the Town, and as suppliant as Spaniards in their Sycophantick *Devoires*. They feigned and wrung out an hundred Compliments which he took little notice of ; But of all, you would have laugh'd heartily at BOB, with his *INVIO-LABLE ATTACH*, and boasted Interest ; BOB after all was fain to implore the Favour to be introduced ; and when he had duck'd himself into a low and obsequious Cringe, as he drew near, Mr. WRIGHT by a sudden Presence of Mind, turned his back upon him, and poor BOB's Countenance fell like a *Weather-Glass* at the Alteration of the Weather.

This admirable Farce wou'd have lasted much longer, to the great Diversion of the Town ; but that Mr. WRIGHT who is the most free and unaffected Man living, and cannot endure any thing that looks like constraint, or servile Flattery, resolv'd not to be pester'd with 'em ; and therefore by dismissing *Jacob Rush*, *Sim*, and some other of the *King-leaders*, design'd to convince the rest, what

what he thought of their Company; and that he was capable to distinguish those who had merited from him, from those who had not.

You will hardly believe me, when I tell you, that the *CURATE* had the Impudence to appear publicly at the *I N N*. Surely the Front of that Fellow must be of the most solid and obdurate Brass. Can it be forgot how often he has drank young *Shute's* Health; and preach'd up his Interest by Inuendo's, in direct opposition to Mr. *WRIGHT's* Succession? Is any thing more notorious, unless his own corrupt Life, than his encouraging his Enemies, both in Life and Doctrine? How often has he been drunk at the *Popes Head*, the *Cross Keys*, and *Astire*, with the Friends of young *Shute*? For he promotes no House, that is not even in its very Description well affected to him. Was this a Wretch now to appear bare-faced to Mr. *WRIGHT*? or can any thing better describe the unaccountable Vanity of an unthinking termagant Party?

The Conclusion of this was, that the Wretch was hustled out of the House, and had been buffeted, but out of deference to his Coat. Can you divine now, what should be in the Man's Head? His Friends indeed, according to their usual Vanity, said we shou'd see

see him a B—p, but could even the most stupid *Clodpate* alive, really hope or believe this, after he saw his Confederates under the deplorable Circumstances of *Disgrace*, and the *Interest* entirely funk that could support his unjust Pretensions? Well of all the Senseless furious Creatures that breath in the open Regions of the Air, commend me to the *CURATE* and his Party, for something very ridiculous, and out of the common Road and Propriety of Thinking.

A Friend of mine gives a very good turn to this and says, it was a Design of the Party to send him thither on purpose to be affronted, thereby to give a second handle to enflame the Mob, as at an Injury or Disrespect offered to the *Church*; and this to be sounded by the *Trumpets of Zion* among the People. I will grant for once they may be capable to Think, for there are some shallow *Tricksters* among them; and therefore my Friends Notion may be just; but if ever they are hanged for *Conjurers* I'll be Shot, or throw my self out of the Window, as an Auspicious *Patron* of his did, when he remembered the irreparable Injury he had done his Country, by *Charioting* and Countenancing such a pernicious *Incendiary*.

Upon the whole, the Party have now changed their Sentiments; it is at length beaten into their fortified Skulls, that their
mighty

mighty Pretences to Mr. WRIGHT's Favour were frivolous, and without Ground. They do not so warmly, and proudly affirm now, *That they were the Men who brought him in*; and all the Love, and previous Grimaces, and the faint Acclamations before his Arrival, are turned into dull and insignificant *Sbruggs*.

The glorious *Changes* at the INN have almost work'd them into their Ancient Spirit: The Consternation is great, but they have always a Body of Reserve ready to sustain them under the most shocking and terrible Defeats. It is pleasant to hear these Fellows, who but a few Days ago, were heard to utter the most melodious Things imaginable of Mr. WRIGHT, now assume a dogmatical Air of reasoning upon his Conduct; and straining themselves into ambiguous and ridiculous Hints; as if his known and celebrated Virtue were any way in the Case of discountenancing such a pack of deep Mouth'd Curs, that are always full Cry in running down *Truth* and *Innocence*; and where they have neither Courage nor Honesty to speak: their Minds, are Villains enough to make distant and raskally Reflections. But let them take care, for we have a substantial pair of *Stocks* here, and a *Whipping-Post* of the fittest Magnitude, equal to the brawniest Back of the most Sizeable Villain among them; besides two sturdy young *Elms* at the

Town-

Towns-end, that grew in a true Protestant Country, where HEREDITARY RIGHT, SLAVERY, and ARBITRARY POWER were never heard off.

I am vexed that I must trouble you with such Trifles as these, but I shall never get through my Purpose without letting you into these little Details; nor wou'd you be so capable to relish Things more momentous, if you were not truly possessed of the present State and litigious Spirit of the Party You remember what they were in Power, and 'tis proper you shou'd know what they are in *Adversity*,

They forget the old Proverb, *That Sawce for the Goose is Sawce for the Gander*. What havoc they made in turning out the *Old Servants*, upon the most frivolous Pretences, and what a Scrabbling they made to get their Fingers into the *Widow's Dish*. Never was such a Set of *Cormorants* known, they devoured by wholesale; yet went on with eager Complaints against the *Old Servants*, the better to conceal their own voracious Stomachs: One was accused of taking *Half Penny Rolls* out of the *Bakers Basket*, another for Embezzling the *Hay and Oats*, and a third for receiving *Reckonings* and not bringing the Money to the *Bar*: But for Truth, they left that to be made out by *Jonathan Wormwood* their *Amanuensis* a very bitter Fellow against all the *old Servants*, a witty facetious Varlet, and a Companion

and hanger on to *Bob*, who kept him for such Purposes, for which he was excellently qualified, for he was as wicked as his Heart could wish; and had the best Talent at *Railery* and *Lies* a Man could possibly be endued withal.

How he handled the *Widow's Friends* and *Servants* you have heard already; it was however equal to the Justice and Candour of all their other Proceedings, and helpt to furnish half the Blockheads in Town of that Party with Matter to hold an Argument. Some drew the whole *Rigmaro* into a kind of useful Common Place, for the greater Ease to their Memory's; and every *Jackdaw* or *Cowl* in Town could hoot out some senseless Lesson taken from his Scurrilous Memoirs.

Bob had half a Dozen of these Fellows at his Beck, who hated him heartily, but for the Bread they receiv'd out of the *Widow's Basket*. Every Raskal had his separate Instructions. To one it was given to blacken the *Widow's Friends*, and shew the Necessity of coming to an Agreement without them; to another, to render our own Condition desperate, the better to frighten People into a Sence of it; a third was to run down the Credit of the Old Servants, and cry up the great Honesty of the new; a fourth, to dilcant on the *Church*; a fifth on *Trade*; and a sixth incessantly to cry out *Faction*, *Plots*, *wicked Designs*, &c. and keep the Town in continual Alarm, to

prevent their cooling, or recovering their proper Sences.

These *Tools*, as infamous as they were, answer'd the Ends they were employed on : the Mob especially, and the most unthinking and injudicious People, were taken by the Ears, and listened to them with great Attention, and by such Mountebank Methods, the Credit of their Proceedings at the *Inn* was wholly supported.

The *Widow*, poor Woman, they kept up in her Chamber, and persuaded her, that her appearing below Stairs might be prejudicial to her Health, and that every thing went on well, and her *Customers* appeared all very much pleased with their Entertainment : So that she seldom came into the *Bar*, unless now and then on a *Market-day* or so, or at a CLUB - SUPPER, when it was necessary for her to pass some *Accounts*. The Rogues had indeed some Reason to say, she was misled and abused by the Old Servants, if they judged from the result of their own Conduct, for they found she was a perfect easie Woman; and if her *Tenants* and *Customers* were but pleased with their Usage she seldom enquired further, and they took 'special Care that none of the Old Servants might come near her, and stifled all Letters by the Post when they suspected the Hand Writing, for
fear

fear she shou'd get any Intelligence of the true State of the *House*.

They were taking all other Methods they could think on to make the Game sure, when they differed among themselves about the Means, and to the great Satisfaction of the Town, fell together by the Ears. *Nab*, like an ungrateful Slut as she was, had not that regard to the Advancement *Bob* had been a Means to promote her to ; and perhaps there was something in it more than ordinary : *Bob* was on the decline, aged Fifty-five, and upwards ; of a temperate and phlegmatick Constitution. *Harry* was in the meridian of his Days ; a robust young Dog, full of Life and Fire, with a vigorous Shape, strong Back, and hale Complexion, fed high, and had an amorous Soul of his own. The Rogue has good Blood in his Veins too, but no more the Son of old *HARRT* than I am of *Jupiter*. The old Man disowns his Proceedings, and says, he always feared he would come to some violent End, from his turbulent disobedient Spirit. That his Mother, rest her Soul, dreamt of a *Comet* the Night she was delivered of him, and could never govern him as he shou'd be. Nay, you must know the young Knave took up a Belt against his own Father once at a **WRESTLING**, and threw him out of the Ring.

But to proceed. *Harry*, by these strong Persuasions, drew *Nab* into his Party : Not that she has many *Babies* to be seen in her Eyes, for they have for some Years past, displayed but a very dull Water, yet the *Jade* had a feeling Conception of the foregoing Qualifications, and there was an excellent Character stirring of his singular Talent that Way. *Nab* *Evesdropt* dropp'd all that pass'd between the *VVidow* and *Bob*, and gave *Harry* an Account still ; and took all Opportunities to improve Things to his Advantage ; for I should have told you, that *Nab*, according to *Bob's* Prediction, was by this Time become a Lady ; and I can assure you, valued herself not a little upon it : She looked as much above her former Occupation, as an *Upstart* Squire does above a *Hack*, when he has dipt the ANTIENT SEAT, for a Gilt Chariot, and a Pair of *Swish Tails*. *Nab* was *Hand and Glove* with the *VVidow*, and not a Pin could be stuck right, if it was not of *Nab's* doing ; for *Nab* had been well brought up, and could handle her Needle, tiff up a Fall below, or do any other Work, as well as Drudgery ; tho' the BEESOM was indeed the most exquisitely adapted to her Hands of any other Perquisite of her Office. *Nab* kept the *VVidow's* Purse, and bought *Perfumes*, *Powder*, and *Patches*, &c. and made many a round Penny of her Markettings : She had

a Liquorish Tooth of her own, and loved a Cordial at her Heart, which she always posted in her Bill of Incidents : They say 'twas pretty large at the *Widow's* Death.

There were other of the Female Servants at the INN violently attached to *Harry's* Person, through the Impression of his smug Countenance, and brawny Shoulders : No *Page* could swallow *Quince-Marmalet* more greedily, than these *Simpering* Baggages did the Complimental Addresses of the young *Brazier* ; every one believing, like *Don John's* six Wives, That she was the *Woman* ! and each putting herself forward, with the greatest Address to serve him, and render him gracious in the Eyes of the *Widow* : This it is to have the Reputation of being what we call a *Woman's Man* : *Bob*, with all his Politick Airs, and Set Faces, could not conjure himself into the Womens Graces ; and *Harry* had a favourable Gift beyond all the Magick of his *Vand*. *Harry* would Dance with them on the Green, play at *Drop-Glove*, *Stool-Ball*, and the like ; which *Bob* was too feeble and stiff in the Hams for ; and could only sigh that he had introduced such a Smock-faced young *Whoresbird* to Supplant him.

Thus

Thus you see by what Measures *Harry* carried his Point, and engag'd the *Private Services* of these *Female Advocates*, whose short Triumph, and sudden Fall, is now the Subject of their Tears and Concern. Really, the Fellow might be very happy, could he but lay aside Ambition, and confine himself to a rural kind of Life. The great Resort of Females his Reputation wou'd soon draw about him, could not but afford a very happy Prospect of Pleasure to one, who is by Nature fitlier qualified for the lascivious Drudgery of a *Seraglio*, than the Gravity of Publick Business. In short, *Harry's* a very pretty Fellow, and a boon Companion; but the Rogue was so near sacrificing his Country; he's never to be trusted at the INN more, if he comes off no worse.

I must not forget, that I promised you an Account of the present State thereof. I concluded with telling you of the several Changes made at the INN, and what was likely to ensue. *Charles*, the Head-Ostler, and *Ned Topsail*, as I hinted, are both restored to their Places: Honest *Will Truby* has jostled that queer Fellow *Jack Squeamish*, out of his STEWARDSHIP; and *Frank Stirrup*, Son of old *Ralph the Cash-keeper*, has received the Keys of the COF-

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FER again, from the reluctant Hands of Nab's enabled Consort.

Every thing looks with a good Aspect, and the House begins to appear in its ancient Grandeur : You may remember in what a Plight you left us ; Solitary and Disconsolate ; our Credit sunk ; our Trade cramp'd and ruin'd ; the Country Beggard ; and the INN in the Hands of a Set of Arbitrary Fellows that drove on *Jehu*-like to our Destruction ; our Friends affronted and discouraged ; Honest Men put out of all, and none but a parcel of indefeasible Raskals preferr'd, who deserved hanging for their known Zeal to young *Shute* ; But you will now find us with smiling Countenances, chearful Spirits, and composed Minds. We could hardly speak before for fear of our *Taskmasters* ; but we dare now Nose those Villains that used to gibe us. Men of Integrity are only looked on at the INN, and to have been well attached to the New LANDLORD, is the best Argument for present Merit.

Robin Bold, the Plummer, *Dick File-dust*, the Smith, *Nick Silver-Tongue*, the Lapidary, and the rest of the honest Lads that stood tively for him at the last WRESTLING, are brought into Play again, and are ready to take up a Cudgel on the same side whenever Occasion offers. They threaten us hard in some Parts
of

of the *Country*, but we have as good as carried the *Belt* in this *Town* already almost two to one; and we doubt not but to shew 'em fair Play for it every where else: We have a Parcel of mettrled Lads that have been used to Sport, and are not afraid of a broken Head or two, if it comes to the Push.

You may remember, I always told you *Things* could not last long as they went on; and 'tis confirmed what I told you in my First, that the *Vidow* designed to have made great Alterations at the *I N N*, had she recovered. 'Tis likewise as certain, that they broke her Heart among them, by discovering one another's Rogueries, when they fell out. Poor Woman! they had harra's'd her so for 3 Years together, and made her break her Words often with her honest *Friends* and *Tenants*, that when she came once to reflect, it cast her into such a deep Melancholy, as carried her precipitately to the Grave. In her last Intervals, she entered into the following *Soliloquy*, to this Effect, "Unhappy Woman! have I for this
 "so long eat the Bread of Carefulness? Took
 "Pains early and late to promote a Trade,
 "and gain Reputation to the *I N N*, on
 "purpose to make all thy *Tenants* and *Custo-*
 "mers easie and happy? And is all my Trou-
 "ble and Care come to this at last? It was
 "not so, says she, in the Days of my old
 "Servants: My Affairs went well then;
 and

“ and nothing I undertook but was Successful. I had a Reputation far and near, and
 “ was esteemed and courted even by my very
 “ Adversaries : My Tenants and Customers
 “ were perpetually Rejoicing ; but I fear
 “ I have now given them too great an Occa-
 “ sion for Sorrow. Could I recal a little
 “ Time, *But I shall ne’er outlive it* ; I wou’d
 “ endeavour to remove the Cause, and make
 “ them all easie again. But this is reserved
 “ for Heaven and my Successor : Tell my
 “ poor People I dye theirs ; and yet I am sor-
 “ ry I cannot do more to redress them before
 “ I depart. This said, she turned about,
 and with a Sigh breathed out her Soul to him
 that gave it.

Were these Fellows capable of Correction,
 sure this would have some effect on them :
 But I despair of ever seeing them shew the
 least Signs of Grace and Repentance.

You have heard how they wou’d have infi-
 nuated themselves into Mr. WRIGHT’S
 Favour, and what a fawning and cringing they
 used at first, but when they saw he was not to
 be cajoled, and made a very just Distinction of
 their Proceedings toward him, by clearing
 the *House* of them ; they presently changed
 their Notes, and are forming a Cabal against
 his Conduct.

The rewarding the long and eminent Services of honest *John Trusty*, is one of the greatest *Cuts* to 'em of all ; for tho' they bear the rest with Spleen and Impatience enough, yet there is in this a double Portion of Acrimony. *John* was the Honour and Support of the old *Servants*, and the Terror and Disgrace of the *New* : *John* caried the CAUSE against Old *Sabage* for many Years together, to the great Disadvantage of their Idol Young *Shute*. *John* refused to Countenance their Schemes in making the Composition, and rather chose to retire out of the Country, than breath the same Air with such Villains as seemed to have abandoned all Faith and Honour, and were driving at the Ruin of their Country. And if that Raskal *Slyboots* had nothing else to answer but the Persecution and ill Treatment of this worthy Man, that were enough never to have him forgiven.

How easie it is to guess the Rage and Ferment these Fellows are in at Mr. WRIGHT's glorious Proceedings. They say, *he begins too soon, moves too fast, and that this cannot last long*, with other such rediculous Stuff : But these are rather their Wishes than their Sentiments ; both which are as much below his Resentment, as the senceless Reflection of the Party. He came here to govern, and chose rather to shew them, that he saw no
Rea-

Reason to conceal his Resentment, nor to continue Men about him whom he cou'd not chuse but be uneasie at; and if they have any Modesty, they ought to believe themselves obnoxious, and make a silent Retreat. That there was more Sincerity and Justice in opening himself freely at first, and letting them see he had no Reason to disguise himself, than to act in Deference to their Judgment, or have any regard to the censure of People he had so little reason to value. They Mistake, he has both too much Courage and too much Honesty to endeavour to veil his Conduct; or proceed with the least regard to their empty Commendations: *Hipocrisie* was Property a rather becoming the last Three Years, than the Prudence, Justice, Honour, and excellent Management of the New LANDLORD, whose Rule is TO REWARD HIS FRIENDS, DO JUSTICE TO HIS ENEMIES; AND FEAR NONE.

They are endeavouring to possess the People that he designs to curtail the Dignity of the INN; by reducing the Gates two Foot narrower in Circumference; to prohibit the *Eating of Beef*; abridge the Servants Wages; and allow them only Small Beer at their Victuals; and finally, that he intends to take down the *Steeple*, and employ the *Stones* and *Rubbish* to make a *Fence* for the *Conventicle*, with other
pre-

preposterous *Cant*. Then to give terrible Ideas of his Person. They represent him with a furious stern Look, and a Head like a *Dragon*; with Scales and Fins like a *Fish*, and with such like incredible Stuff endeavour to make an Impression on the People; but let them go on, when they have *Lyed* till they are weary of it the *Banter* will end in their own Shame and Confusion.

I could enlarge egregiously on his admirable Qualities; the great Temperance, Justice, Candour and Moderation of his Temper; but I shall omit it till a more favourable Opportunity, having already almost fill'd up my Scrole.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that some unlucky Knaves, in a Picture spread privately about, have drawn poor *Harry* in *Deep Mourning*, with the *LEAGUE* in one Hand, and a *Halter* in the other. The *Hangman* carrying an *Axe* before him, with the *Edge* toward him. In the upper Copartment is the *Gallows* hung in *Black-Bayes* for *Arthur Skipkennel*, *Matt. the Tavern-Boy*, *Con*, and some of the rest of them, &c. I am yours, &c.

F. I. N. I. S.

